

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, January 2, 1884.

The last day of the year being the anniversary of poor Gambetta's death—a void still unfilled, some intimate friends proceeded to his residence, Jardies, at Ville D'Auray, to fix a commemorative slab on the house. The premises are nearly in the same state as when he died. I passed by the grounds a few days ago; they are cared for by an old man and his wife. It is intended to preserve the house as a republican heir-loom of some kind, perhaps for a museum of republicans, as the monarchy had for its sovereigns. The public subscription for Gambetta statue now amounts to 319,000fr. It is "contemplated" to erect the statue before the Pantheon, to vie, perhaps, with that of Sainte Genevieve. To do so the permission of the Municipal Council would be necessary, and such is not at all certain, the councillors being rabid anti-opportunists. This explains why the Liberator of the Territory—Thiers, and the soul of the National Defence, Gambetta, have neither of them in the capital, even a blind alley baptized with their names, much less a statue.

In France, the year did not always commence with the first of January, nor did modern peoples, in accepting the names of the months, adopt their order of date. In the greater number of the towns of Italy and Spain, the commencement of the year was fixed at Christmas; under the early Kings of France, March was selected; in the ninth century Christmas was chosen. There was no uniformity; each province had its own New Year's day, if not the 25th of December it was the 25th of March. However, the majority of the provinces adopted the usage of Paris, which fixed the opening of the year on Easter Saturday. Charles II, by an edict in 1564, settled the beginning of the year at the first of January, but it was not till 1567 that it was fully adopted in France.

Since antiquity the desire was to measure time. Naturally day and night became the two divisions. The revolution of the moon round the earth gave us months; the return of the sun to the same spot once a year, gave us years. We called the space of one hundred years a century, and proportionate spaces periods, cycles and eras. Antiquity made of the "Year" a god which had a palm tree for symbol, as it was believed that at each new moon the tree developed a new frond. The Egyptians fixed the commencement of their year at the autumnal equinox, because that was the epoch when they commenced agricultural operations after the subsidence of the waters of the Nile.

The Chinese custom of sending cards at New Years' tide is an hypocrisy on the decline; perhaps becoming closer into relationship with the Celestials, may galvanize the custom. You can purchase a hundred of visiting cards at some "Papa Gutenberg's" shop for 1½ fr. to be struck off *a la minute*, a one sous postage stamp on a threadbare envelope, and the reminder arrives to a friend or an acquaintance, who curses you for sending such and will calumniate you if guilty of an omission. It is prudent never to try to escape from a politeness which costs only three farthings. But the pleasant might be better organized. Why not start a company that would have ushers to execute all the rounds of visiting peculiar to the season, from kissing uncles and aunts, down to god fathers and god mothers; from presenting the assurance of your esteem to the homages of duty? In fact, a body of men trained to delineate each shade of relationship. The office ought to be thrown open to women as a concession to their rights. We have a sliding scale for burying the dead; an introducer of Ambassadors and masters of ceremonies, why not the Republic have flunkies to perform Chamberlain functions? You can hire plate, linen, flowers, comestibles not to be touched; counts and marquesses to keep the table in a roar, and why not visiting delegates? The moment is favorable as people are selling largely Suez Canal shares, and cash will be in the market.

The happiest people at this epoch are the children—the boys in rebellion for being cut down in the holidays, and the students are crusading against Jules Valles and his journal, that upbraided them with degeneracy. But

look at the Boulevard Fair, its miles of navy shanties, filled with democratic toys, the refuse of factories or home-made stocks. Not content with the good things plucked from that *Arbre Liberalis*, the Xmas tree, tiny folks, like Oliver, demand more—a dog in sugar work, a corps d'armee of leaden soldiers, a tin whistle, or a Noah's ark—they are pleased with a rattle tickled with a straw. This fair is an outlet, picturesque and curious, the Novogorod for Punches and Indies, for muffs in cat's skins and gloves in rabbit fur; a Leipzig of literature. What mountains of sweetmeats, all kept at the same level, despite youthful purchasers, whose stomachic prowess merits the Legion of Honor, or the V. C. There's the attractive side of the season for those children of a larger growth, for whom a lapsed year represents only another 365 days gone by to whom a new year brings neither unexpected joys nor anticipated griefs for whom love has no young dreams, the morning no wild freshness; for such, another year means a wrinkle more, and an illusion less.

London poor, and their dwellings, are no doubt to be pitied and relieved, but if a greater evil, as the proverb says, drives out a lesser, the downright actual suffering, in point of food as well as of shelter, is infinitely more extensive in Paris. Pride forces the French to conceal his poverty, and it is a very general practice, that of suicide by self-starvation, in the sense of reluctance to demand a pittance. Be assured when a Frenchman is reduced to actual want, he has left no stone unturned, no effort untried to ward off the calamity. And it is in such straits that the noblest traits of the French character can be seen. A Frenchman will not hesitate to work at any employment to gain a crust, and he will not be above picking a morsel of rejected bread out of the kennel—all sooner than to beg. Lodging he can dispense with, so long as the Bois de Boulogne exists, and while the bridges are not wholly occupied by the swollen Seine, he can find shelter beneath them. Unfinished houses, and their name at present is legion, are a handy refuge, only the police make the tenants move on. There is no poor law in France, and the organization of relief for the distressed in body's estate is very defective. But the people are undeniably charitable, and that covers a multitude of their political sins. There is another class of suffering, relatively as painful and equally as real; that of numerous middle class families, whose incomes are sadly reduced by the prolonged crises. They, tempted by the bait of high interest, invested their petty savings in financial companies, boasting to possess concessions, every one of which would yield cent per cent profits. These companies have thawed, resolved themselves into dew, proved baseless fabrics of visions, but leaving numerous wrecks behind. Other people, more prudent, invested in industrial schemes but industry has all but collapsed; factories are closed or on quarter time, and to stave off the utter ruin of the establishments, the interested have to skin flints to procure the necessary working expenses. There is also another class of sufferers, the small fabricant, who employs a dozen skilled artisans; these are the pillars of his home, the sustainers of his specialty, the upholders of his trade-mark or reputation. He receives but few orders, but he must find the money for the price of his hands or throw up the sponge. Happily the French are very kind to each other, and do not hesitate to practice mutual, or rather family help.

Everyone desires to be honorably rid of this Tonquin old man of the mountain. It is not doubted that France can force her own conditions ultimately on China, but neither country would gain by formally coming to blows. The Marquess Tseng not up to the present, happily, having kept his word to declare war were Sontay taken, may now forget to do so, and patch up a peace. Colonial extension the Frenchwell know is for them a chimera. Clemenceau recommends the first step to that to encourage the increase of the population at home. A patriotic mother has just responded to this appeal, as she has presented France with four babies at one birth, and all doing well. A subscription has been set on foot to present her with four goats—the now fashionable wet nurses recommended by the Faculty.

To defend her foreign possessions France intends organizing a colonial army; but that not the less is a drain on the bone and sinew of the mother country. Colonial troops cannot consist of St. Helena pensioners. It requires a respectable corps d'armee to keep Algeria with its native population of two millions, and France "protects" Annam with a more unruly population of nine millions, with China ready to be used as a thorn in the flesh should France even run foul of a European power.

People talk very familiarly about the coming war; it is expected that when Bismarck has definitely completed the isolation of France, he will call upon the powers to put an end to their bloated armaments. If France refuse, as it is expected, then Germany will anticipate the settlement of the outstanding account between the two nations. The cock-pit will thus be left to them both.

The Christmas part of the holidays has been fairly got through; we are now in the throes of New Year's Day, alas! when a sojourner ought to be composed of only five franc pieces. Life, observed a cynic, would be tolerable only for its pleasures; residence in Paris would be elysium only for its congeries and the clearing out of your pockets on the first of the new year to satisfy tips. Meeting a bill is nothing in comparison to having to meet the multitude of the not-to-be-forgotten classes. Oh! that we had the Chinese as our servitors; they dislike, it is said, to be presented with gratuities, such being opposed to the counsels of Confucius. Even that alone is sufficient to explain why the future is to the yellow race.

The festival season opened with the midnight masses on Christmas eve; the night was fine, the fog that fell in showers, lifted, and the streets became very animated, as the shops were free to remain open all night and citizens were excused in advance, if they did not go home till morning. No candle curtain lectures are ever indulged in on Christmas eve. The music or noels, in the churches was extremely brilliant. So much, that some of the congregations applauded the execution. They paid for admission to the sacred buildings, and considering, likely, they were at a theatre, exercised a right. As a set off, the sermons were attentively listened to, and thousands partook of the Sacrament.

Church service over, the immemorial *reveillon* or suppers commenced; to judge by the restaurants, for it is there the repast is to be indulged in, rather than at home, a brisk stomach-trade must have been carried on next morning the streets of Paris seemed to be macadamised with oyster shells. So great was the consumption of bivalves; black pudding and sausages, pork chops, and pig miscellanies were also well patronized. These materials must have been largely washed down; the police had, for compassion's sake, to take charge of nearly 800 topers; a stranger might conclude, that space was too limited in the capital for tipplers, as on the steps of one mansion, no less than nine drunkards had made their bed—the world forgetting, only by the Bobby, not forgot.

The Boulevard Fair must be a success, as the children are exceptionally happy looking; they seem to have more toys for their money than as compared with former years; this may be owing to the patriotic appeals to purchase only French made toys, which claim to be the best, nicest, and cheapest. The Berlin ladies have resented the agitation in favor of chauvinistic commettee, as they will henceforth buy no more toilettes in Paris.

When Mark Twain was solicited to contribute to a Foundling Hospital, he replied he would be happy to send two foundlings. The idea is proposed to a few of the railway companies, to have "baby cars" attached to every fast train; there are sleeping cars, smoking compartments, reserved places for unprotected females—and if the attacks by robbers continue, the same must be inaugurated for unprotected males, horse boxes, luggage vans, and stock wagons. But the capital has no special carriage for the use of its baby traffic, which is represented by 120,000 infant passengers to the departments per annum. Baby farming is a necessity for married Parisians, where both parents are occupied in business; the mother on being con-

finied, sends her little stranger to the country, to be nursed and brought up; when it is of age, it will be allowed to visit the parental sentry box, or, parents may pay a Paul Pry visit to the nurse on a holiday. Now it is to accommodate the transport of young France under these conditions, that a specially fitted up car with all the conveniences of a home is demanded to be provided; the infant mortality will be less. The Great Western Railway has responded, by declaring that after the first of January, the fares on Sundays and holidays will be no higher than on week days.

A new movement has been set on foot, not the separation of Church, but of "Justice," from State. By the recent reform in the Judicial Bench about 600 judges and magistrates were superseded on account of their political opinions—a cleansing process that every new dynasty in France resorts to; well, the superseded have formed themselves into "Arbitration Courts," where litigants are reconciled, and there are no costs to pay. Lawyers working for nothing; giving the interested not only the shells, but the fish! Truly France is retrograding, or progressing, to the days when her kings administered Justice under an oak tree.

A very distressing suicide has just taken place where a mother threw herself out of a five story window, her baby in her arms. The doctors stated that in the falling she hugged the infant so closely that it was dead or insensible before striking the ground. At Nancy, a cavalry captain, unable to bear up against grief for the loss of his young wife, threw himself out of a window. The couple were buried on the same day. A coal-dealer, suspecting a boarder to be on too friendly terms with his wife, feigned to make a voyage, but concealed himself behind the wood in his shop; the boarder, on commencing to kiss the wife, received five balls in the head. The husband then went to the police office and gave himself and the revolver up, suggesting that a hearse be sent to his residence.

The collegians of Paris, considering they had been ridiculed by the journal, the *Cri du Peuple*, on account of their *cri* against the number of their holidays being reduced, besieged the journal and demanded the head of the obnoxious writer; that being respectfully declined, they marched off to a public ball to drown their care. The editor was offered to fight a duel with any one of a chosen six of the collegians, or the whole six if he desired. "Declined with thanks," also.

A new Club has been opened, called "The Ramblers." Each member is always to bring his own knife, fork, and spoon to the weekly dinner. The restaurant in the Rue Mouffetard, sacred to thieves and ragpickers, is better organized; there the chopsticks are chained to the table, and the tin tumblers also. There are no plates, but in the table a tin stand is sunk, where each guest's food is emptied, like the leaden ink-bottles in a school desk.

The navy estimates are alluded to as the "floating debt."

An advertiser announces to visitors to Paris, cabs, Victorias, broughams, and "hearses" at a moment's notice.

The rival billiard players appeared in print as "champions" (mash-rooms) for "champions."

EATING "POI," THE NATIONAL HAWAIIAN DISH.

A Honolulu correspondent of the Chicago News describes the right and wrong way of eating poi, the National Hawaiian dish:—

I don't know whether you have ever seen poi or not, but it is as like melted lard in appearance as possible, and contains the element of food and drink. It is a little sour, and is made from a tuber called kalo, resembling the potato. The natives eat it with their fingers, fetching it to their mouths by a graceful gesture which the whites in vain attempt to follow. I remember the first time I saw poi eaten was at a native feast. My particular companion was a dark-haired, dark-faced woman. She dressed from Paris, and had a new hat from Pauline's in Regent street, and she wore gloves of at least twenty buttons length. The Kanaka women can dress, and do, when they have the money. After the roast pig and cocoa-nut milk came poi. When the tub reached my companion she stripped her shapely arm, and, making a kind of spoon-shape form

with her fingers, dipped into the tub and swung her elbow outward and brought the contents of her fist in a sweeping curve to her lips. It was nearly a teaspoonful of the food, but she swallowed it at a gulp, without spilling a drop or leaving on her red lips a particle of the food. I glanced around: the foreigners were watching me. I made a resolve; down went my fist, up came about a teaspoonful, dripping everywhere, and flying off the tangent of my hand, it reached—. No, I beg your pardon, not my mouth, but, in equal quantities, my shirt front and the lady's cheek. The people yelled with delight, and I made shift to clean myself from the plight I was in. Ah, well! it was a happy accident, for after that the lady fed me herself, and with such an attendant I would never learn to eat for myself.

Advertisements.

C. GERTZ,

—IMPORTER AND DEALER IN—

Boots & Shoes,

— ALSO —

French Dressing.

No. 80, Fort Street, Honolulu. o13 3m

DIVIDEND.

A DIVIDEND OF FOUR DOLLARS PER SHARE is now payable to the shareholders of the HAWAIIAN CARRIAGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, at their office, No. 79 Queen Street. HAWAIIAN CARRIAGE MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd. Jan 15-1884

MARCHANT'S

LAST INVOICE OF OLD

MANILA CIGARS

— ARE —

The Best in the Market.

Jan 17 w 1m

THE PACIFIC

Commercial Advertiser

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE.

VISITING CARDS,

WEDDING AND BALL CARDS

SOCIAL INVITATIONS

OF ALL KINDS.

ALSO

MOURNING CARDS

EXECUTED IN GREAT VARIETIES

OF

NEW STYLES

HAVING ORDERED AND RECEIVING VERY

CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

BRUCE'S ASSORTED TYPES

AND

COMBINATION BORDERS

WE ARE PREPARED TO COMPETE WITH ANY OFFICE IN THE KINGDOM.